ORIENTAL SERENADES.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

The flush has faded from the mountain's brow;
Hearken, Zuleika, to my true-love vow!
The evening's violet vesture folds the vale;
Hearken, Zuleika, to my true-love tale!
There burns the lover's passionate star above;
Hearken, Zuleika, hearken unto love!

Rose of the fair rose garden, O my Rose,
Answer, I pray thee, for my heart's repose!
Dies on the air the last muezzin call,
And khan-ward now the weary pilgrim goes.

The fountain murmurs; soft the south wind blows;
It is love's hour, as every lover knows;
I cry to thee; cry thou antophonal,
Rose of the fair rose garden, O my Rose!
—The Criterion.

Told in the Dark

The Old Story, With a Thread of Crime.

THE clock in the hall had chimed 2 a. m., but Janet Kimbolton still lingered by the dying fire in the great, lonely drawing room, absorbed in the memory of a long-dead past.

"Jean!"

She started violently. Had she heard it or only dreamed it? Dreamed that stifled, stricken whisper? Only one human being ever called her that, and it was twenty years——

At that moment the electric light was switched off, and a curt, incisive voice came to her out of the darkness.

"Don't scream. You needn't be afraid. I swear not to harm you."

Then Janet Kimbolton realized the situation. She had dreamed it, of course—dreamed that whisper. But she was no coward, though her bravery was of the kind that comes when life has lost its savor, the bravery that fears nothing because it hopes nothing.

"I am not afraid," she answered, composedly, and waited.

For a few moments only the faint tinkle of gems striking against a polished surface broke the stillness, for the man was struggling hard for self-control.

"You are a brave woman," he said at last, with genuine admiration.

"I am not going to take your jewels," he went on; "when I have gone you will find that they are all here."

"Are they—not worth the taking?" she questioned, with a touch of the humor that never deserted her.

"They're worth just about £10,000," he answered quietly. "That's not much to me. You see," and his voice took on a certain note of pride, "I am the man they call Dandy Dick."

"Oh!" And a little ripple of laughter came to him out of the darkness. "Then I have the honor of conversing with the most notorious burglar in Christendom—the man who spirits away the jewels of duchesses—the bonds of stockbrokers—the moneybags of banks, and the treasures of princes?"

"You have heard of Carshalton, the American; the King of Millionaires, as they call him? Well, I am he."

A sudden horror seized her. Was she shut up alone with a madman, and not a mere burglar, as she had been supposing?

"Oh, I am not mad," he told her, reassuringly, his quick intuition divining her thoughts. "When I am supposed to be in the Rockies, in Russia, in Italy, I'm here, or in Paris, or Vienna, anywhere there happens to be anything worth taking."

"It's dangerous," she hazarded, at a loss what to say in a situation so bizarre.

He laughed joyously.

"Dangerous? I live for danger. It's the sap of life. If it weren't for that, I should be a respectable citizen tomorrow."

She listened, amused, perplexed, sorry.

"Of course, I have realized before this that you are what the world calls a gentleman. Why, then, do you do this horrible thing?"

His face fell, and his voice took on a humbler tone.

"May I tell you why?"

"Yes," she said, "do. It is all very interesting, and it's a long while since I have been really interested."

"And you're not afraid?" he questioned.

"You have given me your word," she answered with quiet serenity.

"Thank you."

In the darkness she could see the flush that dyed the man's face.

Then she sat down on the cushioned window seat and a ray of moonlight stealing through a crack in the shutters fell upon the silver-gray of her hair. The man came quite close, and stood looking down at her, then suddenly he bent and touched her arm. A curious magnetic thrill seemed to pass through her and she leaped to her feet.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "In heaven's name, who are you?"

He stepped swiftly back, and controlling himself by a supreme effort, answered in a dull and measured monotone:

"Dandy Dick, burglar. Francis Carshalton, millionaire."

There was a short silence, then he began to speak.

"I was born too late. I ought to have come into this world 200 years ago, the world of Drake and Frobisher and Raleigh, the world when men lived and dared, not the world of to-day, when they stagnate and exist. The curse of some bygone ancestor was in my blood, the curse of restlessness, of lawlessness, of untamed ambition. From my very babyhood I was a rebel, and rebellion grew on me. I could never be as others were, could never bear the shackles and trammels and the emptiness of civilized life. For long, long hours I would sit under on a way out. There were things—the exploration of wild and savage lands, for instance, but they were for the rich, and I was poor. So the years dragged by and I tried many things, and my lawlessness grew and grew, and then——"

"Yes?" She leaned forward, forgetful of the hour, the circumstances, of everything but the quiet, monotonous voice, with its ring of absolute truth, the voice that seemed to be giving her kaleidoscopic glimpses of a strong soul, hopelessly hampered; a soul that had somehow lost its way in time and space, and strayed into a wrong century.

"And then—I met a woman and loved her, loved her as such a man would, but I left her. I was an elemental person; she the product of an overripe civilization."

He paused, but she sat silent, spellbound.

"Finally I took to burglary, because for me it was the one way out. It responded to the two strongest chords in my nature, lawlessness and love of danger. Oh! I don't say it was the best, but it was the second best, and one mostly has to be content with that. I soon became a power, and for twenty years now I have planned and helped to carry out all the most daring robberies that have startled the social worlds of Europe. For the wealth it brings I care nothing—for the danger and excitement, everything. When I am Carshalton, I am bored to death. That gives me the stimulus for devising new schemes. And the end? Well, I have a plan for that, too."

"And the woman?" asked his listener, quietly.

There was a just perceptible pause. Then he said slowly, hesitatingly:

"I don't know. Yet to stay meant inevitably to break her heart. And she was young. I hope, I have always hoped, that she learned to forget. You are a woman—do you think she has forgotten?"

"I pray she may have," said Janet Kimbolton softly. "Yet—women do not forget—easily. I could tell you a tale of a woman who tried hard to forget—for twenty years. But she didn't succeed."

"Tell me," he whispered.

"He had the double curse—ambition and poverty. So he left her. And a week later she came into a fortune. But it was too late. He had gone, why or where she never knew."

"And the end?" queried the burglar huskily.

"There is no end. She is just going on loving him. That is all."

The man turned and moved unsteadily to the door.

"Good-by," he said, "your jewels are there."

As he stepped outside the street door he turned and taking her hand reverently in his, kissed it. At the same moment a ray of moonlight fell across his face.

"Dick!"

He dropped her hand and fled down the broad, shallow steps.

"Too late!" he groaned. "Good-by, little Jean, good-by!"

"Come back! Come back!" she sobbed, stretching out her arms to him.

He turned a white and haggard face to her.

"I can't."

The words floated back to her in a stifled cry as he fled through the square.

And she understood. He had gone back to his life. She must go back to hers.—New York News.

British Columbia.

A few months ago, the Provincial Government placed an export duty on logs sent from British Columbia to the United States; this applies only to logs cut from Government lands. Lands in the hands of private owners, or crown-granted lands, are not affected by this regulation. Nevertheless, the placing of this export duty on logs has increased the number of mills here very considerably, especially shingle mills. One mill cuts 1,250,000 shingles daily. These are red cedar shingles, and a large portion of the output is shipped to the United States. One of the lumber mills has orders booked that will take eighteen months to fill. There is a great lack of men; 5000 or 6000 men could find employment in the lumber and shingle mills and in the logging camps. The wages are probably lower and the cost of living higher than in the adjoining State of Washington; still, if men accustomed to lumbering work are out of employment, there is little doubt they can find it here. Of course, there is a contract-labor law, as in the United States, and it will be impossible for men to make contracts in advance; but no doubt competent lumbermen, able to handle mill machinery or to do good work in the woods, can find employment. The destruction of timber in Washington and Oregon by recent fires causes the British Columbians to hope that they may find a larger market than heretofore for their timber in the States, notwithstanding the export duty.

His Glance Was Unfortunate.

A story is told of a certain English clergyman who had for his curate a tall, cadaverous looking individual. One Sunday, according to custom, the vicar made an appeal for the curate's stipend fund, but, unfortunately glanced over at his co-worker as he concluded with these words: "The collection will now be taken for that object."

How to Button Your Coat.

Most people start buttoning their coats from the top, which is quite the wrong way, and must more or less pull the coat out of shape. The majority of women, too, don't know that a new coat should always be worn buttoned the first few times of wearing, so that the collar may "set" properly.

Accepted in Cipher.

A young man in Elmira, N. Y., recently proposed to the girl of his choice, making his declaration by mail, because he thought that in that way he could do himself better justice. He was in his office a day or two later when a messenger boy arrived with this enigmatical telegram: "Isle of View.—E wers." He was convinced that the message had something to do with his proposal, but he could not decipher it. He went to consult his mother. She read the telegram over once or twice, shook her head and then read it aloud. But what she said sounded like: "I love you—yours." The son snatched the message out of his mother's hand and read it once more. Then he shouted: "It's all right, mother," and dashed for the telegraph office, where he sent a return telegram.

Adding to the Height.

The average man, neither noticeably short nor noticeably tall, is not greatly concerned about his height, but when he has to come up to fixed physical requirements for some position, however, it becomes of importance. The anguish of a would-be fireman or policeman a fraction of an inch under the minimum requirement, has never been adequately set forth. In a weekly paper devoted to firemen's interests, there has appeared for the last few issues this startling advertisement: "Be suspended at So-and-So's gymnasium for ten minutes and grow a half-inch taller."—New York Post.

A Grand Duke's Costume.

By all accounts Grand Duke Boris was a spectacular feature of the horse show in Newport the day he attended that function. The rather kaleidoscopic costume of his royal higness included a suit in large gray plaids, a lemon-colored shirt, and silver gray tie; tan shoes, a white and tan belt, fastened by a showy gold buckle, and a white straw hat trimmed with light blue. A jeweled snake, curled in three glittering coils, formed his ring, and the much written about bracelet was in evidence whenever he gesticulated with his left arm.

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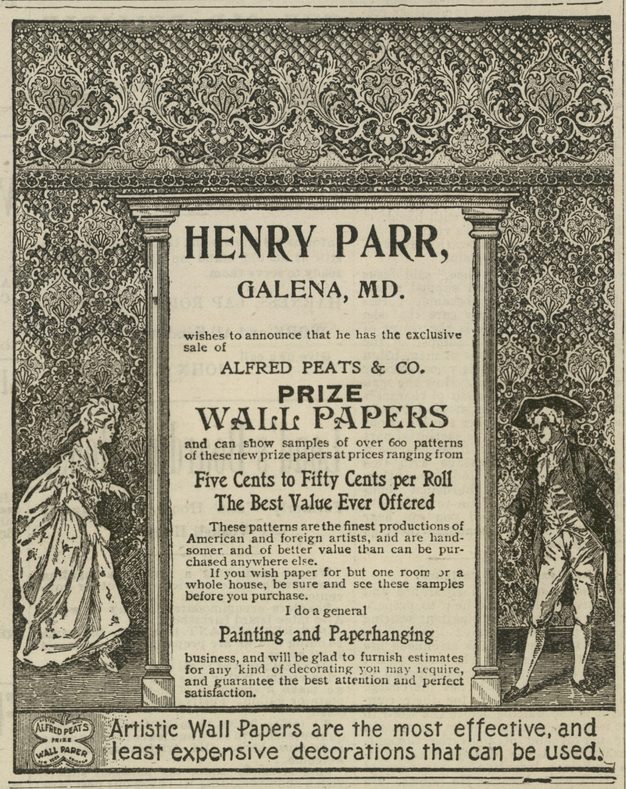

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